A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Saturday, July 6. 1706.

WELL, says the Mayor of *Hertford* now, or *any body for him*; *and what if I did go out to meet Mr.* C——r? *What if I did cause the Formalities of the Corporation to attend me, and give him the Civilities of the Place at his coming out of Prison?* —What then? *All you can say of it is, that I was of his Opinion, and thought the Words he said, were just*; *That I approv'd his affronting the* Queen, *and Insulting the Ministry, and the* House *of* Commons *were in the wrong, in resenting it*; or in short, *that we were pleas'd he had spoken, what might give her Majesty and the whole House an Offence, and we were resolv'd to offer our Share of encreasing and re-doubling it.*

Why really, Mr. Mayor that is true, and the World can say no more; *but I must I tell you, they can say no less neither*——*And how you can be pleas'd with such Remarks as those* upon your Behaviour, *is your Business to enquire*, not mine?

Why, what would you have had me done? says Mr. Mayor—Why truly Sir, *it is not for me to advise*; but I am told, *an honest Townsman of Hertford* set you the best and *most happy Pattern, as to the Method of your Rejoycings* on that Account, as *I ever met with* in all my Travels.

News being come to *Hertford*, that the *Parliament* was up, and their Representative who had been some time in the *Tower*, was releas'd of Course, and was coming home, and that the *Mayor* design'd to go, and meet him, one Mr.— A Townsman of *Hertford* goes to his Neighbour Mr—— to borrow his Dung-Cart, *for what says* his Neigh-

Neighbour——Why, *to go along with the Mayor*, says he, *to meet Mr.* C——r. Now had this Man been Mayor, *there had been your Method* Mr. Mayor; you should all have gone out, and brought him home in your Dung-Carts——This had been suitable to him, who in the highest Assembly of the Nation, durst throw Dirt at his Sovereign, and openly abuse the best *Queen*, that ever rul'd these Nations.

But now comes a new Scene of Action upon the *Hertfordshire* Stage. I hinted in my last, that this certain Gentleman having refus'd to sign the Country Address on Pretence of the Encomiums given the Duke of *Marlborough*—You will think it was very strange to hear, that this same Gentleman came up to the *Queen* with an Address from this same Town of *Hertford*——One would wonder, *did he not know the Strength of a good Stock in the Face*, how of all Towns in *England*, *Hertford* could find in their Hearts to make an Address to the QUEEN.

But where is the Prudence of some Peoples Conduct, and on what shall we imagine, these Gentlemen built their preposterous Fancy, to think, that if they had Face enough to carry up an Address to the QUEEN, her Majesty should have so little Command of her Resentments as to accept it.

'Tis certainly one of the greatest Parts of Human Prudence, and especially in Princes, to know when to be angry—— and how much. Her Majesty has shewn as few Resentments, the Provocations given especially consider'd, as ever Prince did in this Nation. But should these Gentlemen have gone on in their Insolence, and then be accepted among the Loyal Subjects of the QUEEN in their Congratulations; what would they themselves have said of the QUEEN? How would they have laugh'd, as they did at King *William*, and said she durst not shew any Resentment, was afraid to be angry, and the like?

Her Majesty knew the Men, knew the Hypocrisie of their Nature, that they pretended to congratulate what was well known to be the Subject of their most dejected Thoughts. How ignorant must they suppose the QUEEN, they must imagine her so blind, as they had never any reason to think of her, from any other Parts of her Majesties Conduct.

Had not her Majesty known, who the Gentleman was, that brought this Address—Even the same Man that the *House* of *Commons* sent to the Tower, for affronting her Conduct, reproaching her Councellors, and abusing her Goodness.

Had not her Majesty known, who the Gentlemen were, this Address came from; even the same that went out to meet and congratulate Mr. *C*——*r* in his Return from the *Tower*, when he suffer'd a Censure highly due for a Crime he boasted in, and never had repented of.

Had the QUEEN been un-inform'd of the Conduct of Mr. *C*——*r*, and his Friends at *Hertford*, how his Behaviour has been cry'd up there, how her Majesty has been a second time insulted there, by those who, in a Seat of Magistracy represent her Royal Authority; had her Majesty heard nothing of all this, they might have had some Reason to have expected either the Address, or the Messenger would have been accepted.

But the QUEEN is not so ill serv'd, or so ill belov'd; that such Treatment should be hid from her, and now the Party are convinc'd, that tho' the Royal Patience has long born with the Indignities daily offer'd the Authority and Government of the Sovereign; yet that her Majesty knows both when, and how to resent; and that when provok'd to such Degrees as these, they will find it so.

But after all, let us consider the Nature of a *High-Church* Address, what can it be? Congratulation it cannot be; for no Men concur with the Joy of those, whose Prosperity is their Ruin; This is the strangest Inconsistency in reasoning that ever was heard of: A *High-Church* Mayor, a *High-Church* Fraternity address to wish the QUEEN Joy of Her Success against the *High-Churches* Friends, and all this presented by a *High-Church* Representative.

Well might Her Majesty reject the *Hertford* Address, the QUEEN might well say, she

ſhe did not underſtand their Meaning—This is like Petitioning to be hang'd; 'tis like thanking God for a broken Arm; this is bantring the QUEEN, punning upon the Word Addreſs; 'tis a congratulating Irony, a *High-Church ſhorteſt Way*; who is at Leap-Frog with the D—l, Now Mr, *Rehearſal*?

I am ſorry Mr. *Rehearſal* is put ſo out of Temper with the late *Common-Garden* Prank; that he raves and runs a Muck at every thing is ſaid; will have me rail at Mr. *Collier*, when 'tis plain nothing like it is meant: HERE I muſt mean this thing, and THERE that, whether I will or no.

Help *Leſly*, *Weſtly*, *Brown*, *Drake*, and all the *High Church* Hirelings; and for *the Love of* St. *Perkin* tell us the Meaning of *High-Church-mens* addreſſing the QUEEN upon the late Victory?

For God's Sake, and for the publick Information tell us, Mr. *Rehearſal*, if you can, how can a *High-Church-man* ſign an Addreſs of Congratulation to the QUEEN upon the *French*——It is impoſſible, unleſs at the ſame time they ſign the dead Warrant for their own Cauſe and Party.

Are not the honeſteſt among them perpetually Chagrin and out of Temper at the Misfortunes of the *French*; pleas'd and glad upon any Diſaſter of ours: theſe then muſt mean nothing at all, or ſomething notoriouſly hypocritical and double-fac'd.

Do not the *French* fight among other ambitious Ends to dethrone the QUEEN, reſtore the Abdication, erect Tyranny, and ſet up *Jure Divino* and Paſſive Obedience Principles—And are not theſe your profeſs'd, avow'd *High-Church* Doctrines? Does not the QUEEN carry on the War to maintain Liberty, Peace, Toleration, and legal Conſtitution; and are not theſe the things you hate? what Monſter of a thing muſt be an Addreſs from *Hertford* then, *Anglicè*, a *High Church* Addreſs?

Here's Occaſional Conformity in its pure original Principle, here's *High-Church* rejoycing for the Victory of Moderation, Paſſive Obedience congratulating the Conqueſt of Liberty and Tyranny, making Bonfires for the Succeſs of Revolution Principles over it ſelf. Here's the D—l fawning upon Religion, and Malecontentiſm at the Feet of Government.

They ſay, *Partridge* the Almanack-maker told us, this would be a Month of Wonders; that Nature was in a Combuſtion, and now 'tis out—For ſure ſuch retrograde Motions were never ſeen ſince the Sun went back upon the Dial, in the Days of the King of *Iſrael*.

I think we may challenge all the Authors of Romantick Ages, all the Stories of Dr. *Fauſtus*, *Don Quixot*, and the ſeven Champions, to match theſe wondrous Things——*Vat News*, *Vat Wonderlicks*, ſaid a *Dutch-man* t'other Day to one talking of publick Affairs—Why, *I'll tell you, Mijnheer*, *quoth he*, here are a great many ſtrange Pieces of Witchcraft to be ſeen.

Here are People going to the *Play-Houſe* for God's ſake, and others go to *Church* for the Devil's ſake, *viz.* Coveteouſneſs——And here are Authors call it a good work on both ſides——Here is a Stage call'd in to aid and aſſiſt a Pariſh that has 8000 Families in it, to build a *Church* for them. Here is a Parſon expell'd the Univerſity firſt, from thence turns Actor to the *Play-Houſe*; and being turn'd out there, having no ſhift but the Pulpit, takes up the Gown to ſupply the *Church*. *Now change the Scene.*

Hey Jingo, Sir, what's this——Here's a *High Church* Addreſs to congratulate the QUEEN, on the Subject for which they ſing *Lacrymæ* at Home; here's Grief in one Hand, and Sorrow in t'other——*Riddle me Ree*—As the Boys ſay, *Help, Woodcock, Fox and Naylor*——Here's *High-Church* turn'd the wrong ſide outward; yeſterday raving at Moderation, curſing the QUEEN for a *Preſbyterian*; to day kneeling with an Addreſs of Joy for Victories over themſelves, to morrow go home, and then *as you were*, the *Whigs* are all *Rebells*, &c.

After all, I would fain have theſe Gentlemen tell us, how much Acknowledgment there is in the *Hertford* Addreſs to the good Services, Bravery and Conduct of the Duke of *Marlborough*, and Earl of *Peterborough*, in order to prove, that the *High-Church-men* are the beſt Friends to

those great Men, and that the *VVhigs* hate them ——— Search it, Mr. *Rehearsal*, search it.

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